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POST COUPON TODAY OT I enclose 1/-. Rush me the Famous Export Parcel. Send a selection of bargain approvals for free examination.

Name .....

THEIR COURAGE AND HONOUR
CONDITIONS AND OFTEN UNDER HEAVY FIRE,
THEIR COURAGE AND SKILL KEPT THE ALLIED
ARMIES ADVANCING

Fleetway Publications Ltd., 1963



SAPPER WILLIAMS WAS SUCH A MAN, BUT ONE WHO FOUND THAT HIS WORST ENEMY WAS NEITHER THE SUN NOR SAND NOR ENEMY BULLETS

BUT HIMSELF

#### Chapter 1. The Joker

COME ON. IN 1942, THE LIBYANDESERT SHUDDERED NUMBER TWO WE'RE NOT TRYING TO TO THE THUNDER OF SAVE AMMUNITION ARTILLERY, AS TWO . . . GIVE IT ALL TO JERRY! BECAME LOCKED IN SAVAGE CONFLICT THEY FOR THE MASTERY CAN HAVE IT, OF NORTH AFRICA. SARGE!

EYES NARROWED AGAINST THE FIERCE STABS OF FLAME, THE CAPTAIN CHECKED THE RATE OF FIRE AGAINST THE SECOND HAND OF HIS WATCH. SATISFIED, HE NODDED TO HIS JUNIOR



DOWN IN THE ASSEMBLY AREA, SAPPER TIM WILLIAMS OF THE 5TH. MINE CLEARANCE COMPANY OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS ECHOED THE LIEUTEMANT'S ENVY BUT FOR A DIFFERENT REASON . . .



JOE BUSBY BRACED HIMSELF FOR ANOTHER ARGUMENT. HE LIKED TIM, BUT HIS PATIENCE WAS WEARING THIN AT THE OTHER'S HABIT OF TELLING TALL STORIES





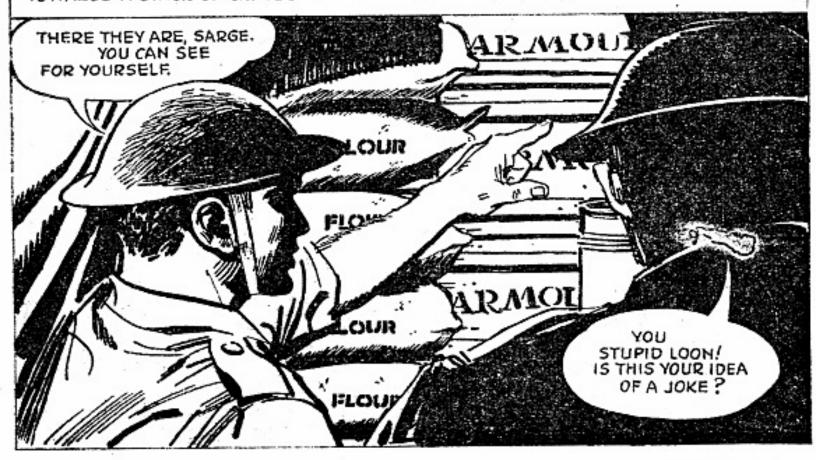
SERGEANT JOCK MACKENZIE, SIX-FOOT FOUR OF IRON HARD MUSCLE AND SINEW, LOWERED BUSHY EYEBROWS OVER GIMLET EYES AS HE STARED AT THE EXCITED SAPPER.



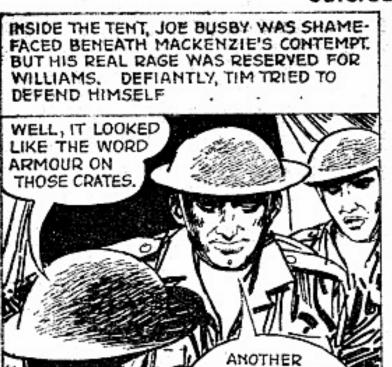




TIM FROZE AS THE SERGEANT'S BULL-ROAR HALTED HIM IN HIS TRACKS. HIS GRIN VANISHED AS A BEEFY ARM HAULED HIM INTO THE TENT. WEAKLY, HE POINTED TOWARDS A STACK OF CRATES







OF YOUR JOKES, EH? OCH, MAN, I DON'T KNOW WHO'S THE BIGGER FOOL ... YOU OR BUSBY FOR LISTENING TO YOU!





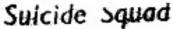




AS DAWN LIGHTENED THE SKY, THE SNARLING ROAR OF ENGINES MERGED WITH THE THUNDER OF THE GUNS. FROM HIS BATTERY, THE R.A. LIEUTENANT WATCHED AS THE ATTACK COMMENCED





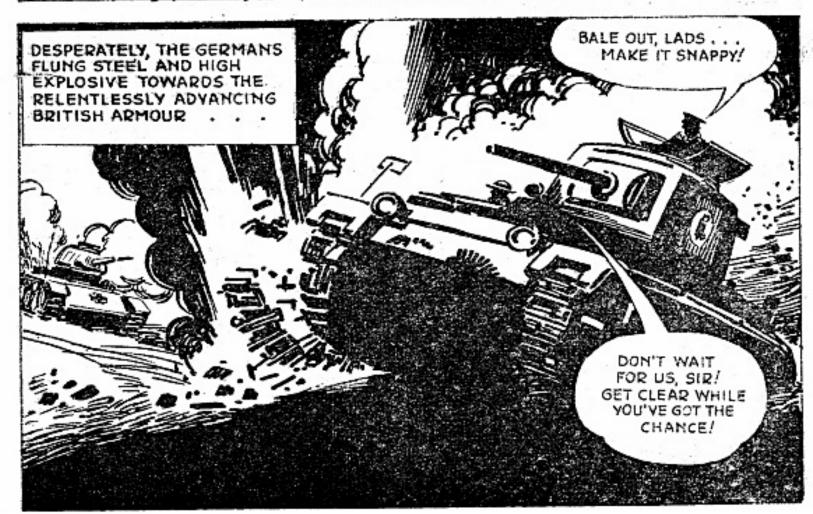




THE MEN OF THE BRITISH TANK CORPS WAITED FOR THE ENEMY TO GET WITHIN RANGE. SUN AND ENGINE-HEAT RAISED THE INTERIOR OF THE TANKS TO OVEN TEMPERATURES.

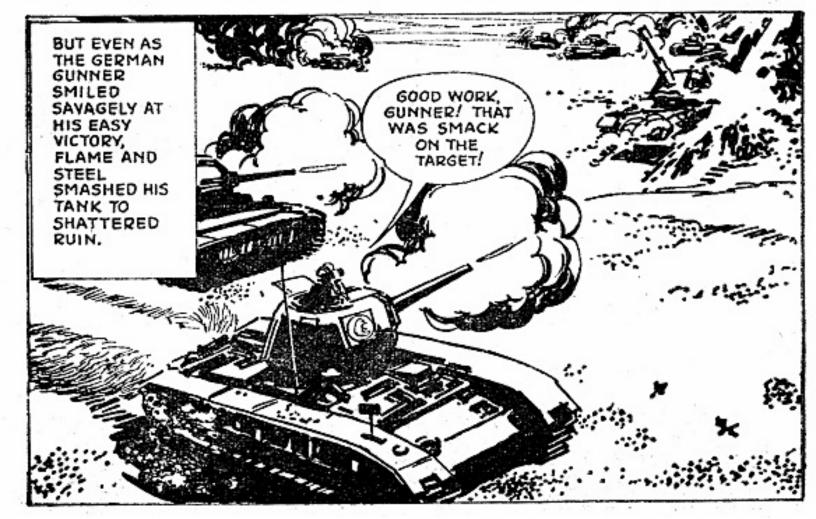






KNOCKED OUT OF ACTION, THE CRIPPLED TANK PRESENTED NO THREAT. BUT ONE GERMAN GUNNER COULD NOT RESIST SUCH AN EASY TARGET. A DIRECT HIT SLAMMED THROUGH THE TANK'S ARMOUR.



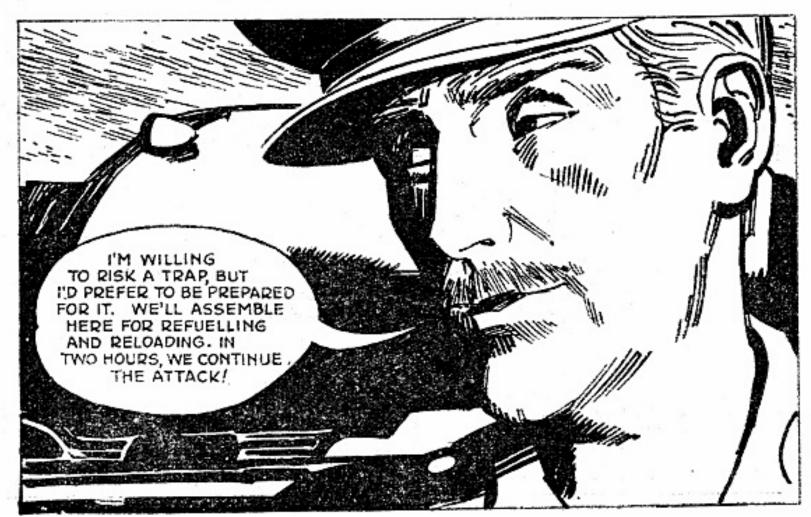






IT SEEMED A COMPLETE ROUT, BUT WILY OLD MAJOR HENDRICKS WAS NOT FOOLED BY APPEARANCES. CURTLY, HE GAVE THE ORDER TO HALT, A TIGHT SMILE ON HIS TANNED FACE AS HE HEARD THE COMMENTS OF HIS JUNIOR OFFICERS





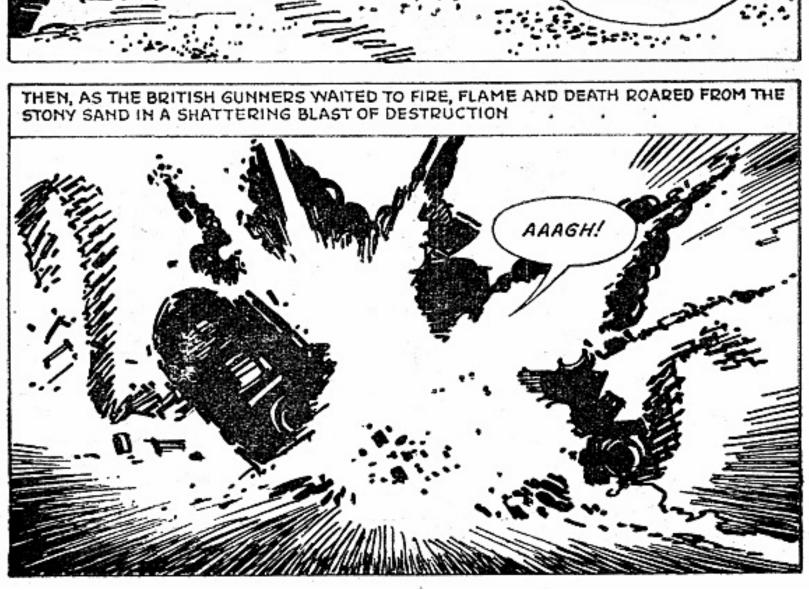




LINTZ JUMPED DOWN FROM HIS TURRET.



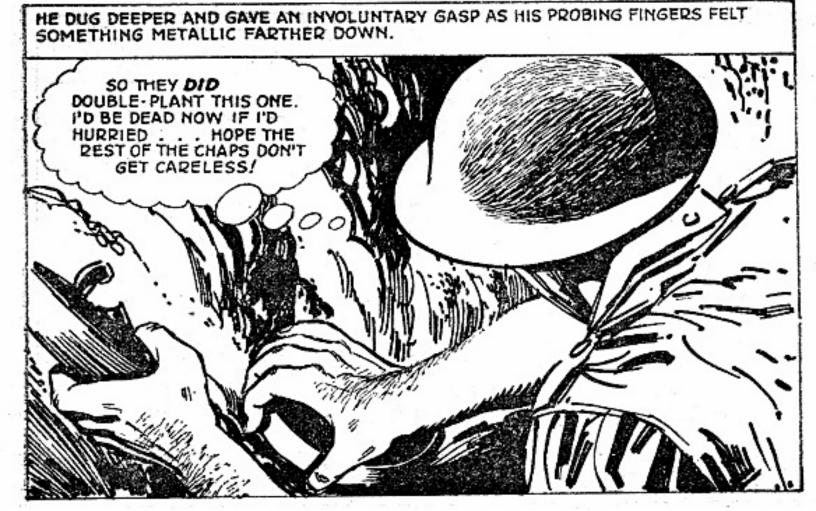
EAGER FOR ACTION, THE BRITISH COLUMN









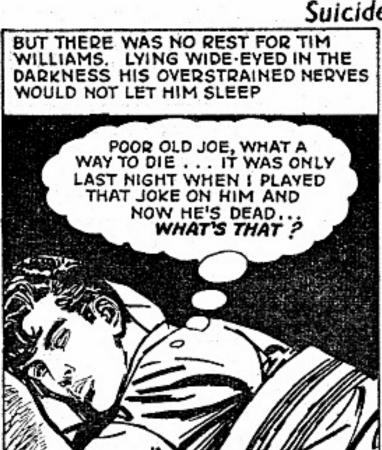












NERVES TINGLING, TIM ROSE TO HIS FEET, LISTENING FOR THE SLIGHTEST SOUND.





THE REST OF THE MEN LEAPT TO THEIR FEET AS THE BARK OF THE RIFLE AND THE WILD YELL JERKED THEM AWAKE. INSTINCTIVELY, THEY FIRED TOWARDS THE IMAGINED ENEMY



THE BIG SERGEANT'S ROAD BROUGHT ORDER BACK TO THE CAMP. EYES BURNING WITH RAGE, HE GLARED AT THE TREMBLING YOUNG SAPPER







ROBINSON NODDED AS MACKENZIE







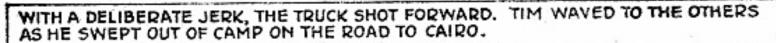
NEXT DAY, MACKENZIE HANDED TIM A LETTER. RIPPING IT OPEN, HE STARED AT THE CONTENTS, THEN WAVED IT TRIUMPHANTLY.

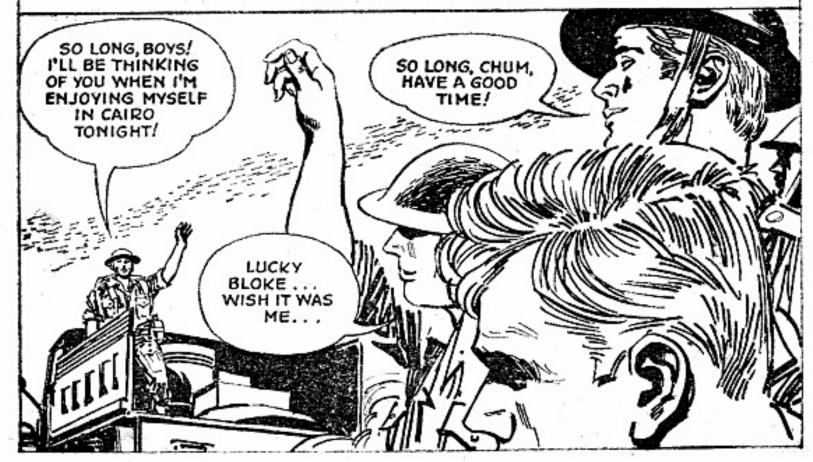












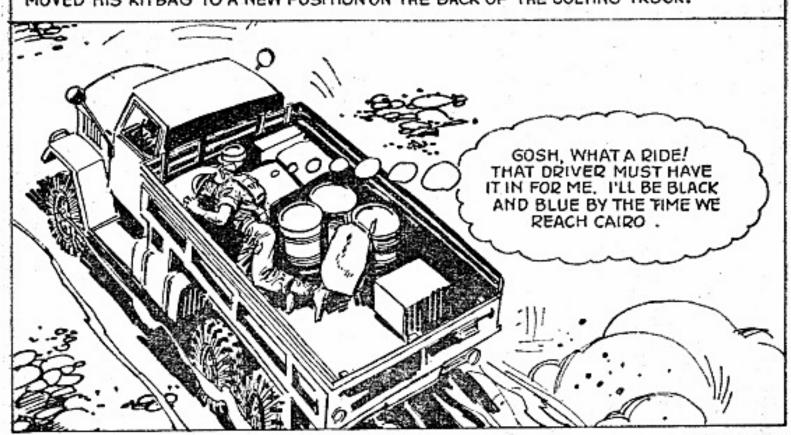
### Chapter 2. Prisoner of War

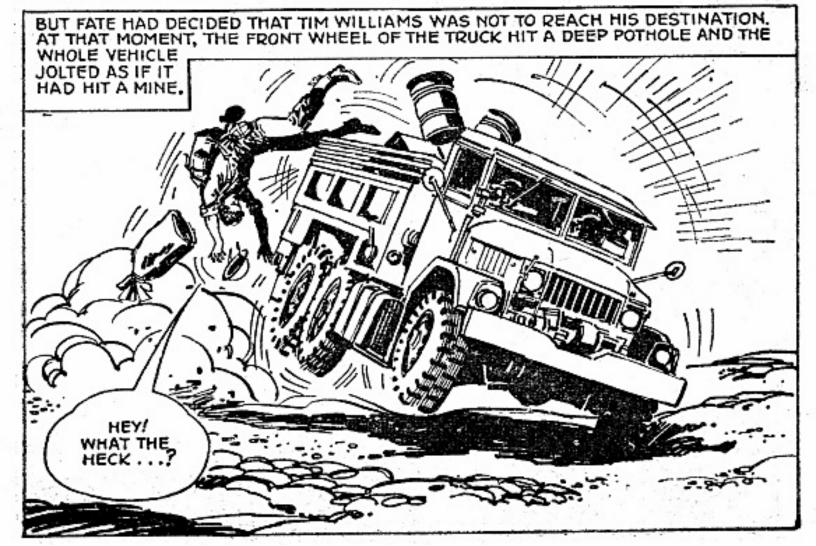






AT THAT MOMENT, TIM, TRYING HARD TO FIND HIMSELF A COMFORTABLE SEAT, MOVED HIS KITBAG TO A NEW POSITION ON THE BACK OF THE JOLTING TRUCK.







GRIMLY, HE SLOGGED ON DOWN THE BARE, ENDLESS ROAD, THEN, AS HE LIFTED HIS HEAD, HE SPOTTED A CLOUD OF DUST COMING TOWARDS HIM

SAVEDY
IT MUST BE ONE
OF OUR PATROLS
RETURNING TO BASE.
THEY'LL GIVE ME A
LIFT, AND I CAN
CADGE A RIDE TO
CAIRO FROM THEIR
DEPOT...

TOO LATE, TIM RECOGNISED THE GRIM GERMAN MARKINGS ON THE VEHICLES AND FRANTICALLY STARTED TO DASH DOWN THE ROAD. BEHIND HIM A GERMAN SOLDIER LEVELLED HIS RIFLE.

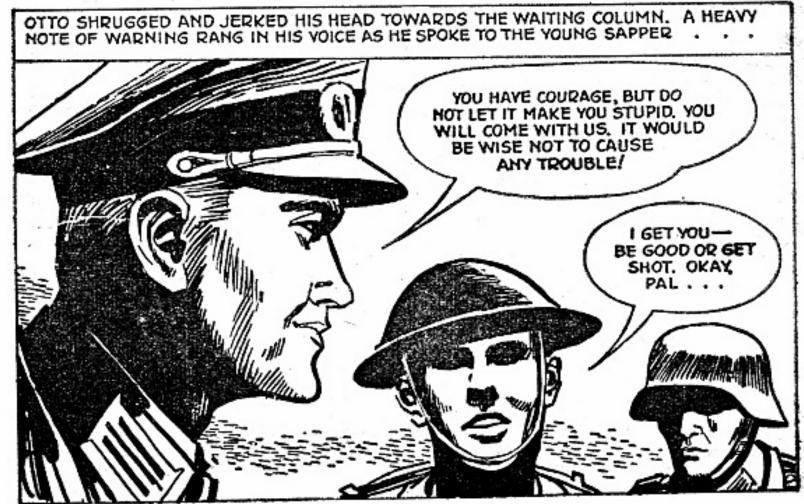


EVEN AS THE GERMAN'S FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER, OTTO KNOCKED UP THE



THE SHARP CRACK OF THE SHOT HAD BEEN WARNING ENOUGH FOR TIM. BLEAKLY, HE STARED AT THE HARD-FACED GERMANS WHO SURROUNDED HIM . . . .





IN DISTANT CAIRO, THE DRIVER OF THE RATION TRUCK BRAKED TO A HALT, CUT HIS ENGINE AND JUMPED DOWN TO GIVE HIS PASSENGER FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.



BLANKLY, THE DRIVER'S MATE STARED INTO
THE BACK OF THE EMPTY TRUCK

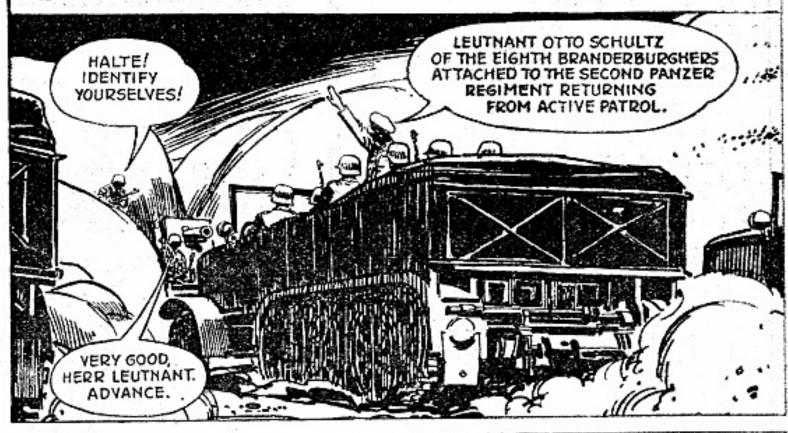
I BET HE JUMPED
OFF AS SOON AS WE REACHED
TOWN, LOOK, HIS KIT'S
GONE, TOO

LET'S HOPE
HE HAS THE
SENSE TO MEET
US ON THE
WAY BACK...

THE SUBJECT OF THEIR CONVERSATION WAS AT THAT MOMENT JOLTING IN THE BACK OF THE GERMAN HALF-TRACK, HANDS BOUND, MIND SEETHING WITH HELPLESS RAGE.



FOR FIVE DAYS, THE LITTLE COLUMN CHURNED THROUGH THE SAND.
THEN, TOWARDS DUSK, THE LEAD VEHICLE JERKED TO A HALT AS A GUTTURAL VOICE
AREAD BARKED A SHARP COMMAND.



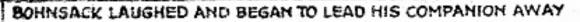
AS THE COLUMN HALTED IN THE MAIN CAMP, A LITHE FIGURE STRODE FORWARD, HAND EXTENDED IN GREETING, EYES GLEAMING WITH RECOGNITION.



EYES GLEAMING WITH ENTHUSIASM,
HAUPTMANN BOHNSACK FLUNG AN ARM
AROUND THE SHOULDERS OF HIS YOUNGER
FRIEND, HIS VOICE VIBRANT WITH BARELY
CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT

WE HAVE A TECHNICAL EXPERT FROM BERLIN



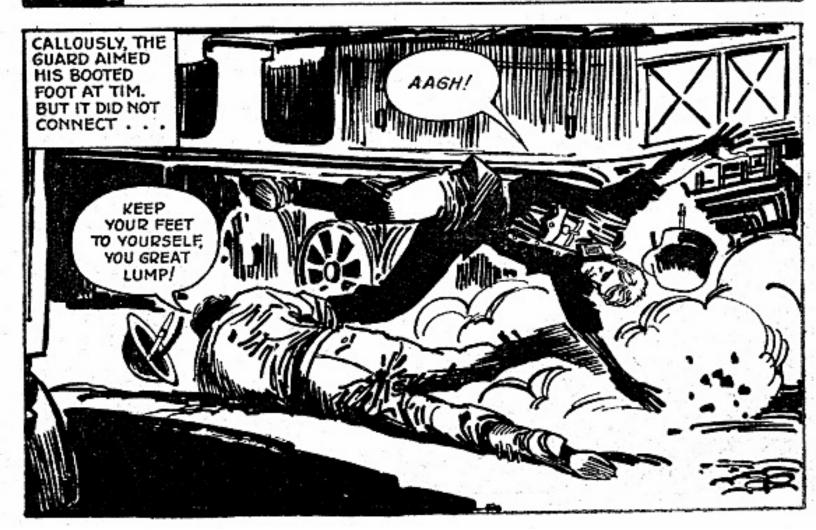




AS THE GERMAN GUARD'S SCHMEISSER PRODDED HIM ROUGHLY FORWARD, TIM'S GAZE, DARTED DESPERATELY AROUND HIM FOR A WAY OF ESCAPE







OVERBALANCING, THE GUARD FELL BACK, HIS HEAD CRASHING AGAINST THE HALF-TRACK.
AS TIM SNATCHED UP THE GERMAN'S GUN, ANOTHER GERMAN LOOMED THREATENINGLY
OUT OF THE NIGHT.





DIM YELLOW LIGHT SPILLED FROM THE OPEN FLAP OF A TENT. SCHMEISSER AT THE READY, TIM DUCKED INSIDE . . . THE TENT WAS EMPTY OF GERMANS.





WITH A TIGHT SMILE, THE MAJOR TOOK AN OBJECT FROM ONE OF THE CABINETS AND LAID IT ON THE TABLE. IN TERSE, CONFIDENT WORDS, HE EXPLAINED JUST WHAT IT WAS



OTTO FELL SILENT AT THE NOTE OF WARNING IN BOHNSACK'S VOICE, JUNGE, HIS SALLOW FEATURES FLUSHED WITH EXCITEMENT, CONTINUED HIS LECTURE.

THIS MINE DOES NOT CONTAIN
IRON OR STEEL AND CANNOT BE
DETECTED WITH ORDINARY EQUIPMENT.
THE CASE IS OF WOOD, THE TRIGGER OF
SILVER AND ALLOY. IT CAN BE BOTH
PRIMED AND DETONATED
BY REMOTE RADIO

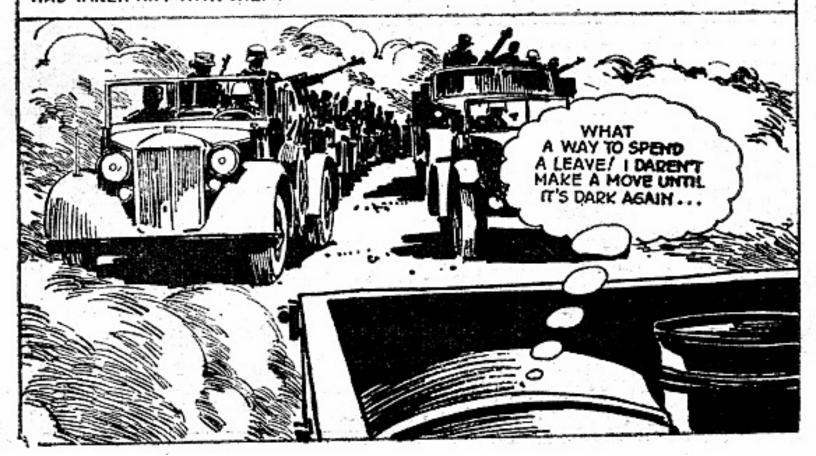


UNAWARE OF THE HIDDEN LISTENER, BOHNSACK TOLD OF HIS PLAN TO UTILISE THE NEW MINE. CRAMPED IN THE CHEST, TIM FELT A MOUNTING DESPERATION.

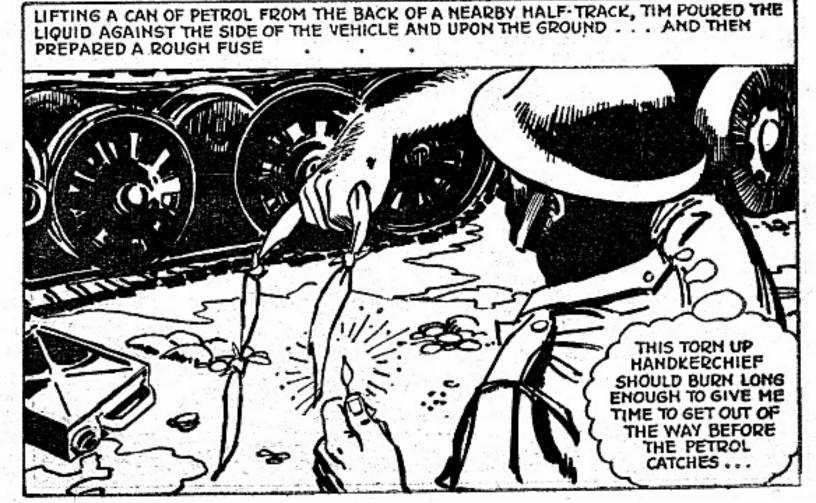




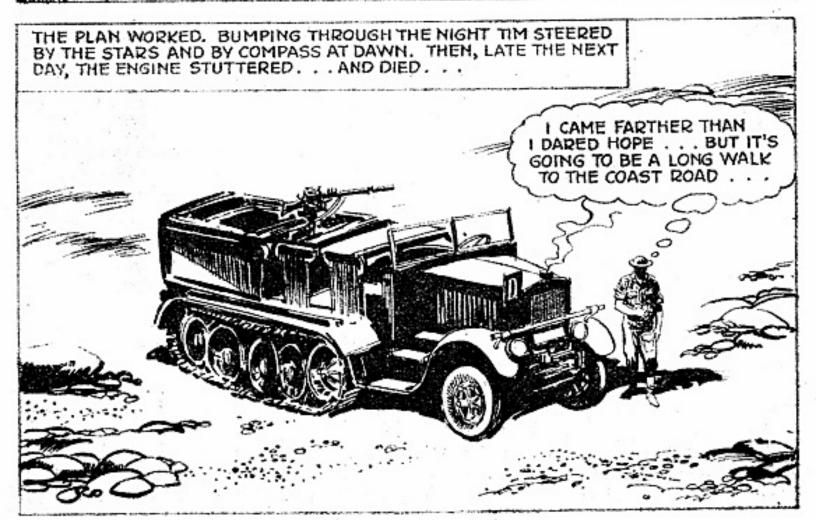
TIM LICKED HIS PARCHED, CRACKED LIPS AS THE TRUCK JOLTED FORWARD OVER THE BURNING DESERT. THE GERMANS HAD DECIDED TO MOVE A PART OF THEIR CAMP AND HAD TAKEN HIM WITH THEM.





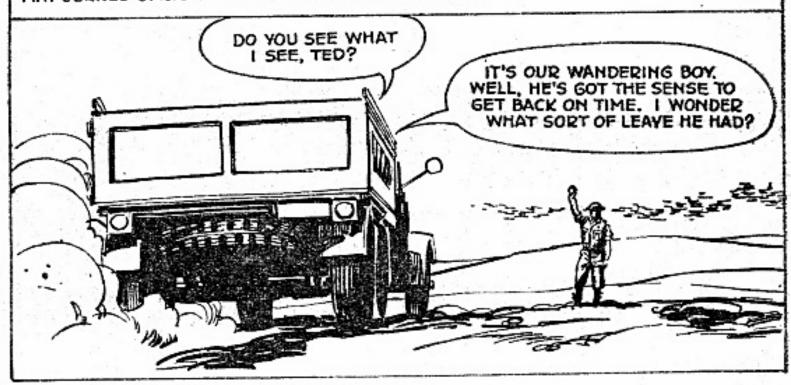






# Chapter 3. Field of Death

TWO HOURS LATER, LOUNGING IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE RATION TRUCK, CHARLIE MAY JERKED UPRIGHT AS HE SAW A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON THE ROAD AHEAD.



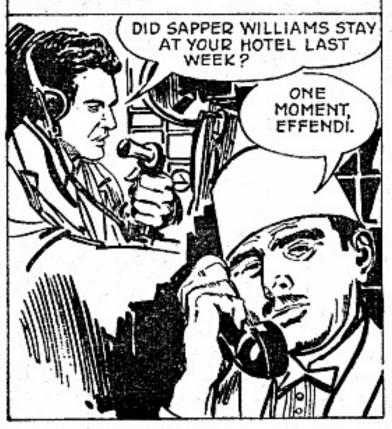
THEY LISTENED TO THE EXHAUSTED TIM'S STORY WITH RAW DISBELIEF AS DID SERGEANT MACKENZIE WHEN THE YOUNG SAPPER TRIED TO TELL HIM OF THE UNIT'S DANGER.





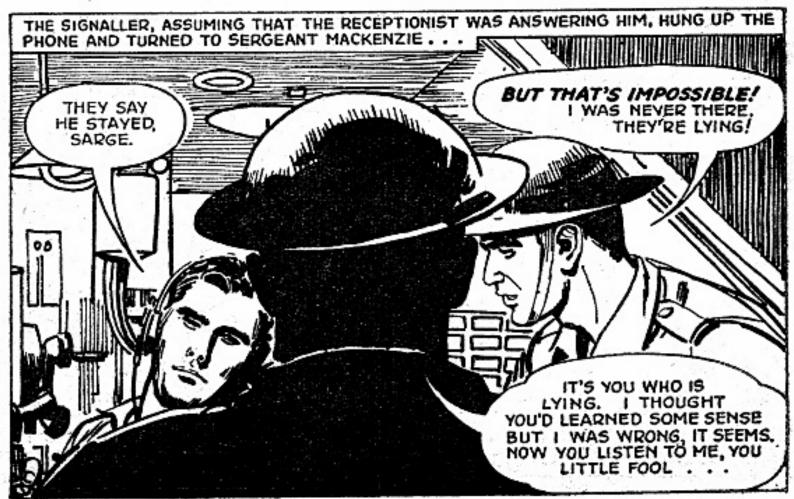


A SHORT WHILE LATER, BLATANTLY
MISUSING THE STAFF LINE, A CO-OPERATIVE
SIGNALLER PUT THROUGH A CALL TO THE
PYRAMID HOTEL



THE RECEPTIONIST REACHED FOR THE HOTEL REGISTER THEN, FORGETTING THE PHONE IN HIS HAND, SNAPPED A BRIEF ANSWER TO ONE OF HIS STAFF





MACKENZIE BROKE OFF AS TIM, ALMOST BESIDE HIMSELF WITH HELPLESS RAGE, SUDDENLY FLUNG HIMSELF IN INSANE FURY AT THE BIG SERGEANT.

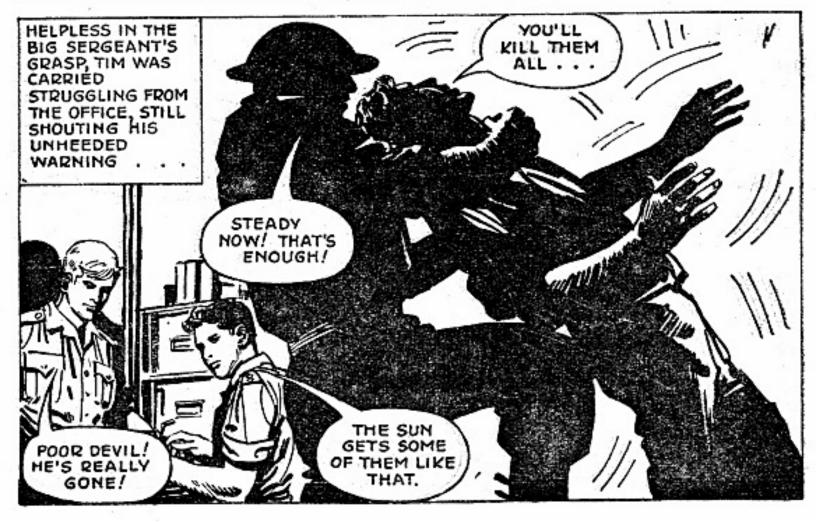


FACING THE C.O., TIM AGAIN TOLD HIS STORY ONLY TO BE MET WITH THE SAME DISBELIEF. REGRETFULLY, MAJOR ROBINSON SHOOK HIS HEAD.



TIM LUNGED FORWARD, ALL THOUGHT OF RANK FORGOTTEN IN HIS DESPERATE NEED TO CONVINCE THE MAJOR THAT HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH







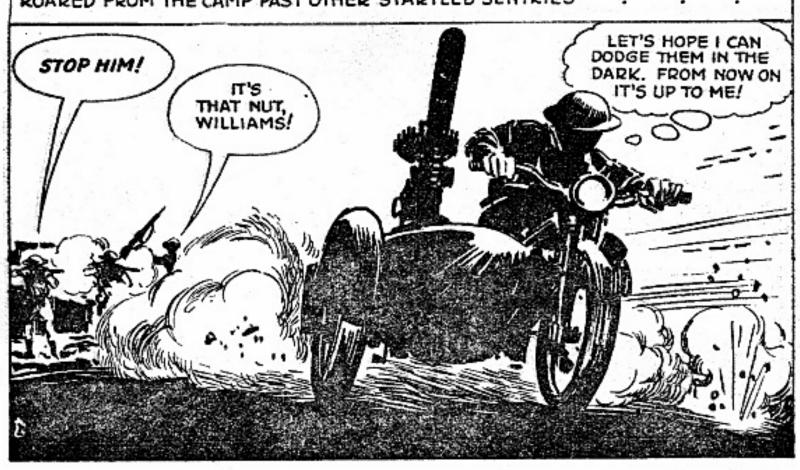


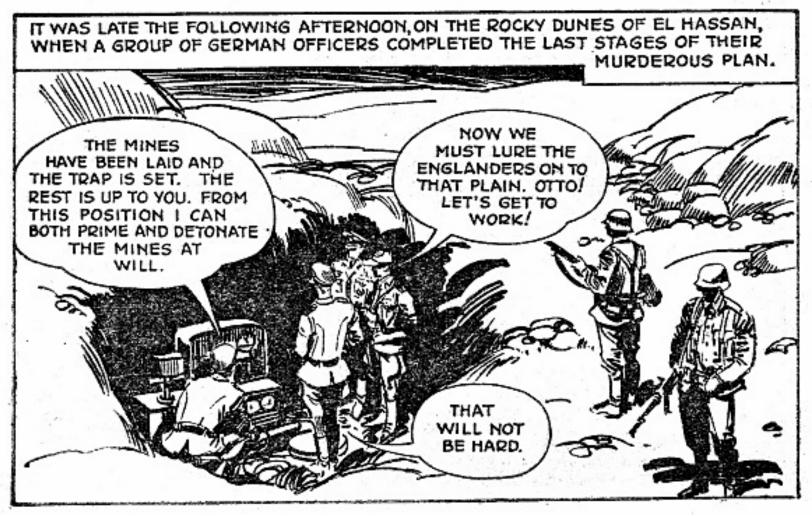






THE GUARD SLUMPED UNCONSCIOUS TO THE SAND AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, TIM ROARED FROM THE CAMP PAST OTHER STARTLED SENTRIES . . . . .



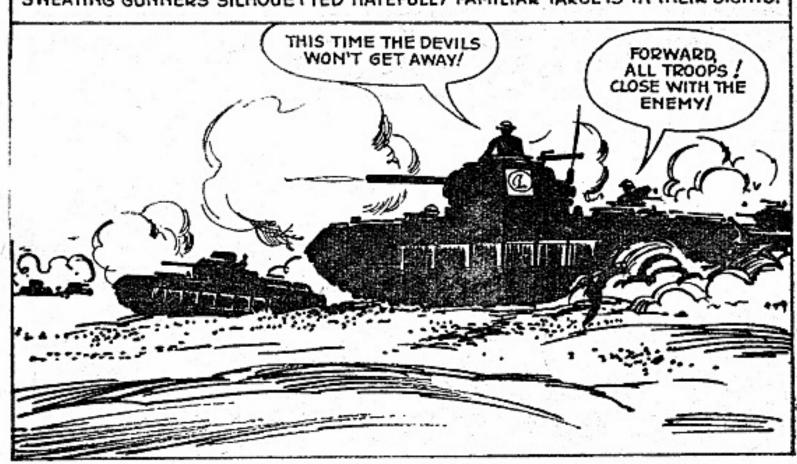


ON THE WAY BACK TO HIS WAITING COLUMN, BOHNSACK GAVE FINAL ORDERS TO





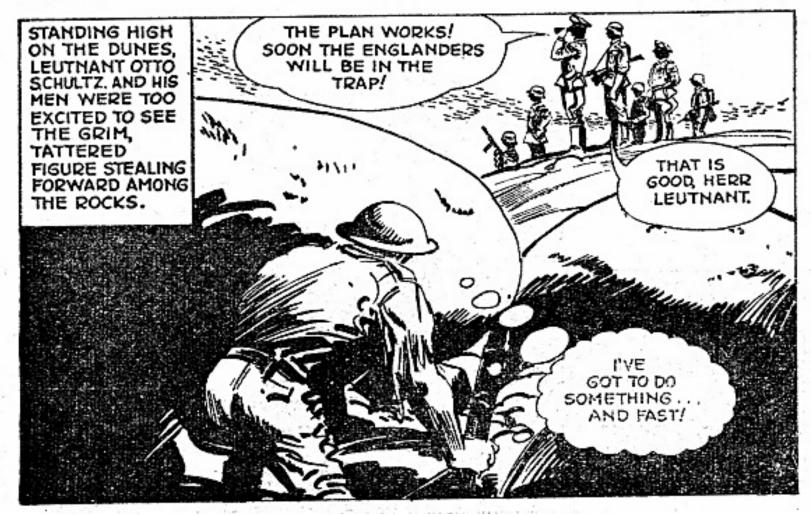






STILL THE BRITISH ADVANCED, SAVAGELY MAULING THE RETREATING GERMANS WHO WERE CUNNINGLY LEADING THEM TOWARDS EL HASSAN.







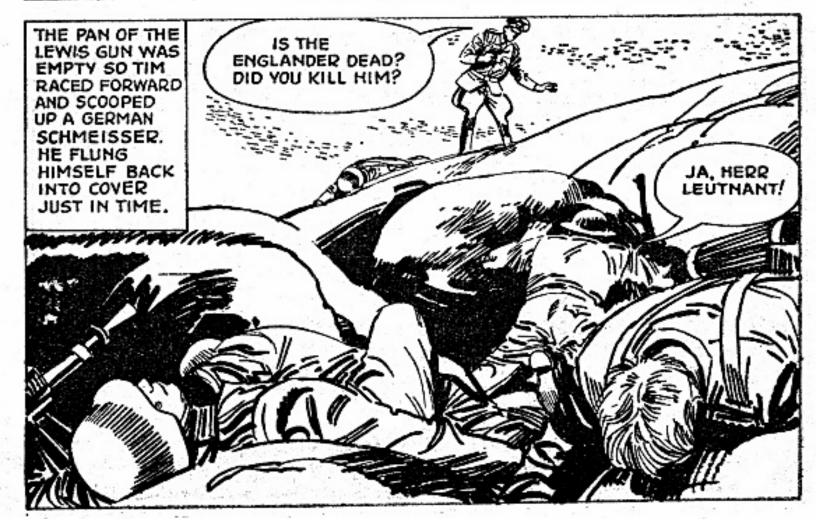
## Suicide Squad

FIELD-GREY FIGURES FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE COVER OF THE ROCKS AS THE LEWIS CEASED ITS CLAMOUR. HARSH ORDERS RANG OUT AS OTTO CALLED TO THE GUARDING BRANDERBURGHERS.

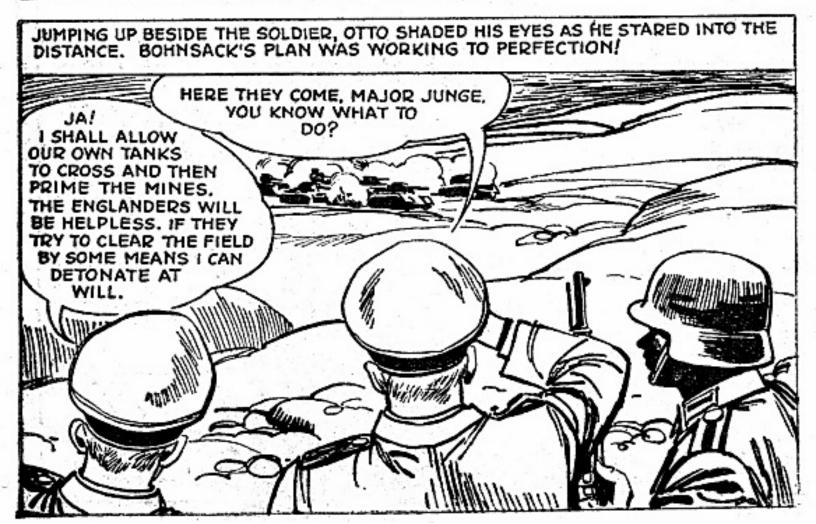






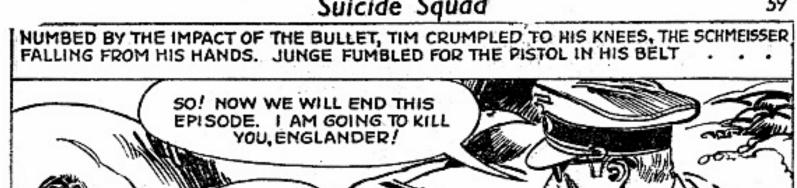








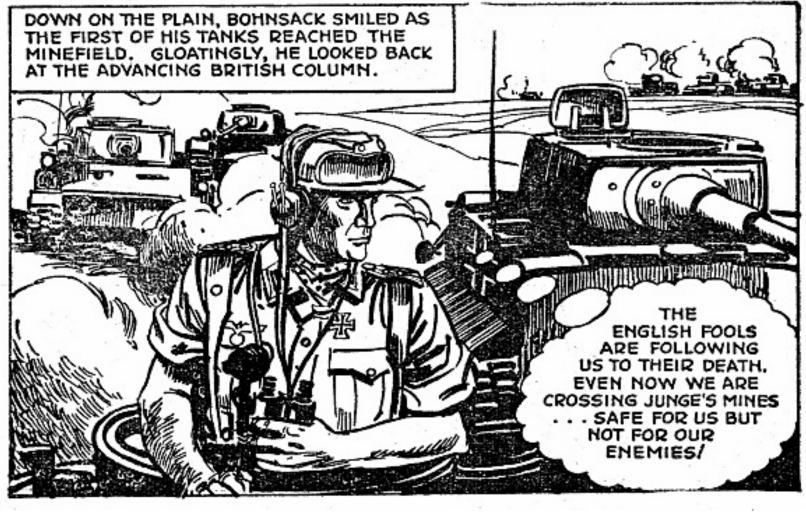






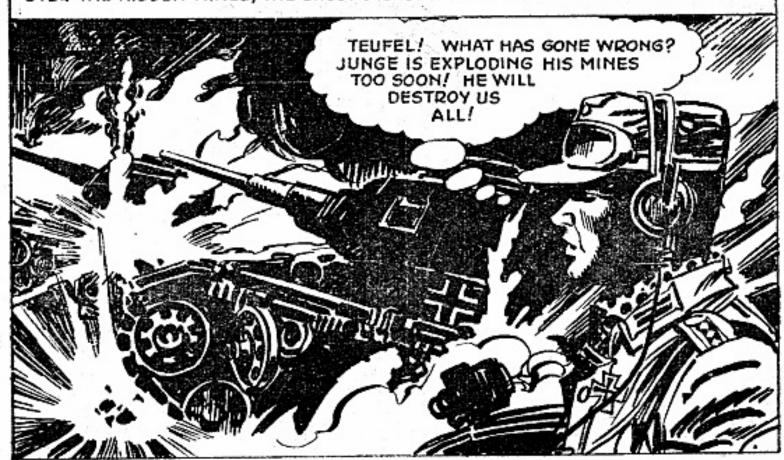


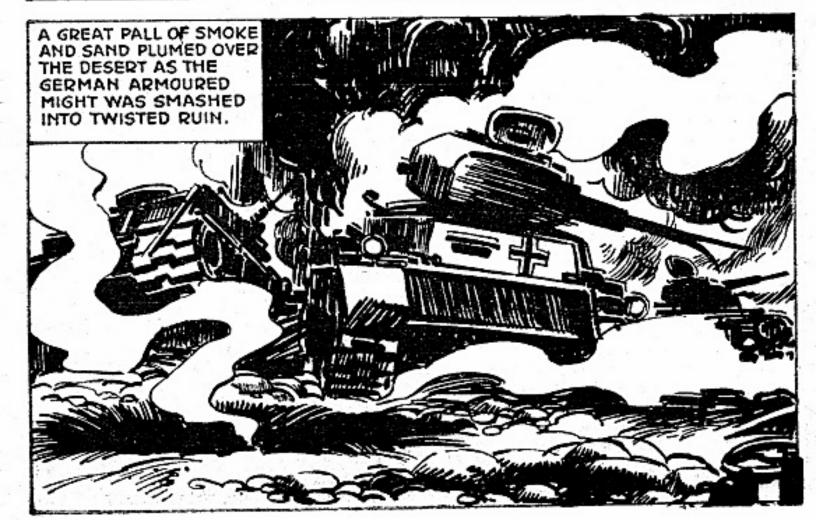




## Suicide Squad

BUT HIS TRIUMPH CHANGED TO HORROR. FOR, AS THE GERMAN TANKS PASSED OVER THE HIDDEN MINES, THE GROUND ERUPTED WITH UNLEASHED DESTRUCTION.





MINE CLEARANCE WAS A JOB FOR THE SAPPERS AND SERGEANT MACKENZIE, LEADING HIS TEAM, FROWNED AT A FLUTTER OF WHITE HIGH ON A DUNE.











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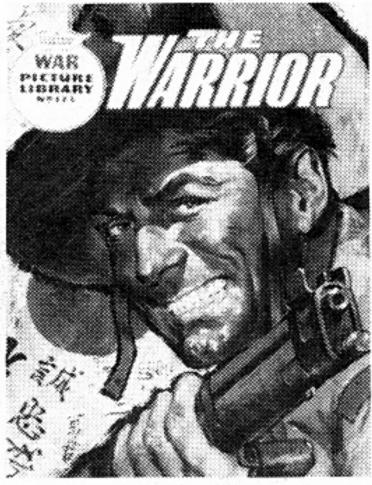
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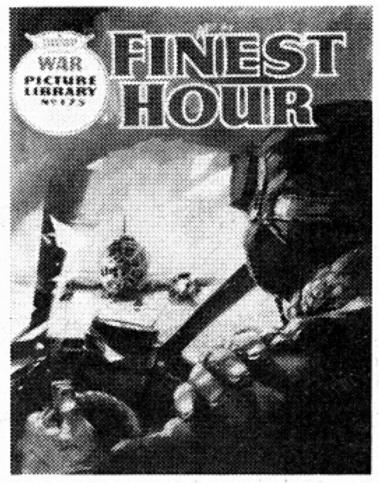
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They called him a has-been . . . too old for command. Colonel Bonner met that challenge like the fighter he was.



He was a fighter ace—thrilling to the death chant of his Spitfire's guns. But, suddenly, grim reality flew at his wingtip . . .

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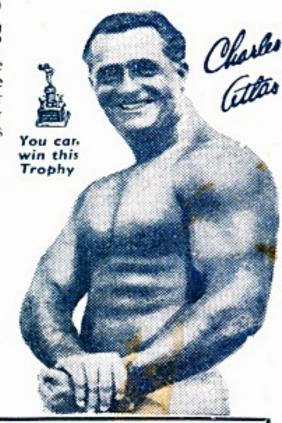
OF YOUR BODY!

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